NEW HEAD OF THE ARMY

Gen. Miles Likely to Become Commanding General.

FIRST VOLUNTEER SO TO RISE

Hitherto Unwritten Chapter in the Life of a Popular Hero.

THE retirement of Gen. John M. Schofield on the 29th of this month from the position of general commanding the Army of the United States is expected to lead to the appointment of Gen. Nelson A. Miles to fill the vacancy. Gen. Miles is the senior major general of the army. It is the prerogative of the Chief Executive to appoint any major general, but custom has made it almost a law to promote the senior officer of that rank.

Gen. Miles will be the first soldier to hold this high position who enlisted as a volunteer; heretofore it has been held in unbroken succession by West Point graduates.

From the fact that Nelson A. Miles entered the ranks as a citizen soldier at the beginning of the civil war, his career has all the more popular interest. He was a clerk in a Boston store at the time, having come to the Hub in his seventeenth year from his native place, Westminster, in Worcester County, Mass.

In one of the most rugged parts of the Wachusett Mountain region is the house where he was born, in 1840, as well as the one to which he was taken home to die when dangerously wounded in one of the early battles of the war. The old white school house on a rocky hillside, surrounded by apple orchards, is still in use; and all the children are familiar with the story of the great general who conned his lessons there. He got his taste for battle young, when in the winter evenings he would listen to his uncle's wonderful Indian stories, which had a peculiar charm, for his boyish ears. He never wearied of hearing of the time

Nelson A. Miles as Captain of a Company in the Massachusetts Twenty-second Regiment in 1861.

when the Indians infested the Wachusett region and of their raids upon the settlers. One incident related made a deep impression upon him. It was of an old settler who lived on friendly terms with his red neighbors by giving them shelter and food and salt enough to cure their wild meat in the fall. The savages never molested this man in any of their raids, and they brought him all the game he wanted. It may have been these early talks with his uncle that excited in him a sympathetic interest in the red men and caused him in after years, when he was an Indian fighter, to deal mercifully with them. While he was stationed in Arizona and the white people were dissatisfied because he did not make a wholesale slaughter of the Apaches he said, "The United States troops are soldiers, not butchers."

The same uncle's tales of the Revolutionary war had an even greater fascination for him, particularly the story of how Washington crossed the Delaware and Prescott's exploits at Bunker Hill.

When he became seventeen his resolute spirit asserted itself, and he went to this uncle and said: "I don't want to work on the farm. I want to go to Boston."

"That is the best thing you can do," said his ambitious relative. "Your Uncles George and Nelson will find you something to do when you get there." Following this suggestion young Miles started upon his journey, dressed in a green jacket, short trousers and a green tarpaulin hat, made of straw and covered with cloth. He was a laughable spectacle of a raw country lad when he arrived in Boston. His uncles, who were men of means, at once fitted him out with a more conventional costume.

His uncle, George Curtis, father of the present mayor of Boston, found him a place in John Collamore's large crockery store on Washington street. His pay was very small, and his uncle, Nelson Curtis, for whom he was named, took him into his family to live at West Roxbury, and gave him his board. But young Miles was too independent to consent to such an arrangement. So he hired a room in Boston, and as his earnings would not admit of his going to a boarding-house he took his food to his room and boarded himself.

At first he acted as errand boy and made himself generally useful, but he was no long time in gaining the confidence of his employer by his faithfulness and honesty. Eventually he did all Mr. Collamore's financial business at the bank. His employer was a merchant of the old school, uncompromising and of sterling character, and when he found traits so like his own in young Miles, "he set great store by the boy," as the General's uncle expressed it.

While performing his duties at the store through the day he was going to a night school. For he had only attended short terms at the district school at home. A few of the older members of the crockery trade in Boston to-day remember Nelson A. Miles as a bright, fresh-looking, stalwart young man, and a capable clerk. Some stories are still current about him. One is that shortly after he entered the store, and had caused a great smash-up of crockery, he surveyed the havoc with such coolness that Mr. Collamore said: "That boy could see men shot all around him on a battlefield and not get excited." After he had gone to the war Mr. Collamore expressed the opinion that if Nelson Miles could kill rebels as well as he could break crockery, he would make a good soldier.

But the soldier's instinct, which his employer had unconsciously discovered, developed as soon as the war broke out and fired him with a desire to enlist. He spoke to Mr. Collamore about it and was advised to ask his uncle's consent. They expressed their willingness, provided he would take military instruction. His employer paid for a six months' course at a military school, which a Frenchman had started in Boston at the beginning of the war. His uncle, George Curtis, further helped him by recruiting a company of 100 men for him to take command of, giving a liberal bonus to the men. This company was organized in Bacon's Hall, on Washington street, a building which stands in the busy mercantile part of the Roxbury district.

There were two older men who aspired to the offices of captain and first lieutenant of

House Where Nelson A. Miles Was Born, in Worcester County, Mass.

the new company; but, though Miles was but 21, he was so far superior to the older aspirants that under military regulations he was elected captain.

Gov. Andrew, however, looked upon him as "a mere boy," and sent him a commission as second lieutenant. When Miles received it he went to his uncle and asked him what he should do. "Take it and go to the front. We don't want any trouble or delay at this point; but keep your United States Army commission in your pocket," was his judicious relative's advice.

The regiment proceeded to Washington and went into camp just outside of the city. When the regiment was drawn up to receive the first month's wages the paymaster called for Capt. Miles, of —— company. He was told there was no such officer, but there was a second lieutenant of that name. Miles was called up, answered to the full name on the army register as captain, and the officer in charge asked how it was that he was acting in a subordinate capacity. Miles made an explanation. "You are captain," said the officer, "get your pay and take command of your company."

Then trouble arose among the officers of the regiment because there were two captains to one company. Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, the famous Natick shoemaker, who had raised the regiment, the Twenty-second, was in a dilemma. He did not want to degrade a captain appointed by the Governor of his State, yet he wanted to give Miles the promotion he deserved. So he went to O. C. Howard, then colonel of a regiment at Washington, and asked him if he didn't want another man on his staff. "Yes, if you have a good man," said Howard. Miles was sent over to him, and was detailed to conduct a drill. He did it so admirably as to excite the astonishment of the colonel, who frankly said to him: "Young man, you have done well. I don't understand how you can be so well qualified without any experience."

Miles took the praise modestly, and told him there was a certain evolution of companies on the field about which he would like his opinion. After Miles explained his point Col. Howard decided it. Miles then went out and brought in a book on military tactics and submitted an authority to the contrary. Col. Howard at once acknowledged his mistake, and said to Miles, "I am glad to have a man who can correct me."

The next day Senator Wilson went to Col. Howard and asked, "if the new man suited."

"If you have got any more extra captains like that you can send them over. I can use a regiment of them," was the answer.

The position on Howard's staff was all that young Miles need as a vantage ground. The first battle he was in was disastrous. The enemy had surrounded a part of Col. Howard's troops, and every staff officer was wounded. Miles was shot in the foot. But when a retreat was ordered he rode up to Howard.

"If you will give me a division," he said, "I will drive the rebels out of the woods, and rescue our men who are cut off."

"Take your choice," was the answer, and Miles went forward with an ax brigade, followed by several companies of troops. The enemy, who swarmed in the timber, were driven back from their ambush. The young staff officer led back in triumph three Union men who were about to be made prisoners.

The next engagement that Howard's troops went into did not result so fortunately for Miles. It was a fierce conflict, and he was in the thickest of it. He was shot from his horse. When he had been taken to the hospital the doctor examined his wound, which was in the abdomen, and said he could not live. The bullet had buried itself so deeply and in so vital a part that it could not be located or probed for. But Miles pluckily insisted that he would live, but he wanted to be taken home to recover. The attendants granted what they thought was a dying man's request. He was placed upon a stretcher and put aboard a train for Boston

District School Which Nelson A. Miles Attended.

His ever faithful uncle, George Curtis, met him at the station, had him transferred to a train for Westminster and accompanied him as far as Fitchburg. He there engaged the best surgeon of the place to attend the stricken soldiers at the homestead, five miles west of the city.

The case seemed hopeless at first, but in a few days the doctor located the bullet and extracted it.

As soon as he could move about, he became restless. "The rebels did me up pretty well," he said, "and I want to pay them back." He was weak and used crutches, but he went back to Philadelphia and asked for the command of a company. They told him he was not sufficiently recovered for service; but as he insisted on doing something, they gave him companies of recruits to drill.

As the hostile armies approached Gettysburg and it was apparent that a great conflict was imminent, Miles renewed his application for a commission to go to the front, but was refused. Finally he went to the officer in charge and demanded: "Give me my command, or my discharge." He was too valuable a man to discharge at that critical time, so a commission was given him, although he was not physically fit for fighting. He went into the battle of Gettysburg and was wounded again. It is a matter of history how he distinguished himself there.

The Army authorities then sent to the governor of Massachusetts to have him promoted to a colonelcy. Gov. Andrew clung to his old prejudice and refused.

Meanwhile New York and Maine had both applied for Miles. He accepted the offer of a New York regiment, so Massachusetts lost the glory of his brilliant career throughout the rest of the war.

He was made brigadier general for distinguished services during the battles of the old Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House and Chancellorsville.

At the close of the war in October, 1865, he was breveted major general of United States Volunteers, and was mustered out of service September 1, 1886.

Instead of returning to business pursuits as did the vast army of civilian soldiers, Gen. Miles then chose the army as offering a profession for life. Within a week he had entered the regular army as colonel of the Fortieth Infantry. Promotions came slowly but surely. He rose to brigadier general December 15, 1880, and finally in April, 1890, he attained the rank of major general.

Since the war Gen. Miles has won laurels in the only field open to an ambitious soldier—as an Indian fighter. He has fought successful battles with the fiercest of the tribes, from the Bannocks in the north to the Apaches in the south. Wherever he has been stationed, in Montana, Oregon, California, Arizona, he has commanded the admiration of the white settlers and the fear and respect of the red tribes. During the Chicago riots and strike of 1894 his judicious generalship was shown in upholding the authority of the Government without unnecessary bloodshed, and his action was commended throughout the nation. He now enjoys the pleasantest berth in the Army service, being stationed at Governor's Island, New York.

The 'Gator Was Hungry.

A large fifteen-foot alligator, brought to West Chester, Pa., last week to form one of the attractions at the county fair, made an entertainment not on the programme. During the night he made an attack on the show hogs, several of which he injured to some extent. He also tried to get into the poultry show and dog kennels, but was prevented by reason of the strong timbers. This morning he attacked two men, but as they fled instantly no harm was done. Not until after 10 o'clock was he recaptured and placed in bondage.

WHO WILL BE LAUREATE?

Post May Be Abolished to Shut Out Swinburne.

RECORDS OF PAST LAUREATES

Long List of Poets, Good and Bad—Swinburne, if Anybody.

Perhaps Swinburne will be England's next laureate, probably he won't. At any rate the literati of Great Britain are deeply agitated by the long vacancy existing in this ornamental office. All will recall that Ruskin was widely heralded as the man who had received the appointment and when the assertion was found to be totally unwarranted. Morris—Lewis, not William—was subsequently declared to be the appointee, and this, too, turned out to be idle rumor. There is no poet laureate yet, much to the regret of the poets who are forming themselves into quite a political party over the matter.

Certainly, it would be a radical departure from tradition to abolish the post. England has had laureates since Chaucer's day. That immortal but little read bard began the great dynasty.

Mr. George Saintsbury observes that the controversy about the origin and character of laureateship exemplifies very excellently the unwisdom of speaking with extreme positiveness about the things that do not admit of such speech. "There can be no doubt," he asserts, "that from an early period English kings had minstrels bards and the like more or less closely attached to their persons." But that Chaucer was really a laureate in the official sense Mr. Saintsbury doubts. It does not occur to him apparently that Chause was in truth the laureate, though no one styled him so. Richelieu was not hailed in his lifetime as the ruler of France. He ruled France most of his life, however.

Then next man placed with Chaucer among the laureates, although gentlemen of Mr. Saintsbury's views might challenge the statement, is John Gower. His poetry is among the famous literature which somebody or other declares is remembered as forgotten. Not, indeed, until Edmund Spenser's day, in the sixteenth century—Gower won his glory in the fourteenth—does a really great poet, apart from Chaucer, appear in connection with the laureateship. Even here, there is a muddle. His name appears on the roll of laureates in many manuals of English literature, but his title to the honor has a flaw upon it. So have the titles of nearly all his successors until Ben Johnson's day. There is no doubt regarding him. Even Mr. Saintsbury admits that. He was recognized by King James in that capacity and manufactured verse on all occasions at the shortest notice. They say:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mind.
Place one sweet kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine,"

was written to order.

Another undoubted laureate was Sir William Davenant, a most pretty poet and a forgotten poet. Here is a sample of his sweetness:

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings
He takes his window for the east;
And to implore your light he sings,
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

Dryden succeeded Davenant as laureate. Dryden was a genius, but is neglected—a wall-flower among poets. Unlike the modern laureates, Tennyson particularly, Dryden's best work was done after he acquired his post. In this respect the contrast between him and laureates generally is very marked. Indeed, all of Dryden's masterpieces seem to have been written to order. True, Dryden was accused of borrowing it, to put it euphemistically. A charge of plagiarism of Ben Johnson was made against him apropos of the lines:

"Such are thy pieces, imitating life,
So near, they almost conquer in the strife."

It was pointed out by Dryden's defenders that Johnson must have in turn stolen it from Shakespeare. The latter says: (Venus and Adonis):

"Look, here a painter would surpass the life
His arts with nature's workmanship at strife."

Grover Cleveland is not a great poet, yet it will be remembered that his "grand, sweet song" is alleged to be stolen from Kingsley. Kingsley is said to have stolen from somebody else. The historic parallel is striking.

After Dryden's time the laureateship went into total eclipse. "From Shadwell to Pye," declares a most competent critic, "not a laureate, with the possible exception of honest Tom Wharton, could be called a poet by any but the most absurd extension of the title." But there were ditinguished men of letters among them—Rowe, Cibber and one or two others.

After the reign of Anne the laureates begin to belong to what we may term contemporary literature. Literary politics began to exist, and from the time of such coteries as Johnson, Goldsmith, Boswell, Mrs. Thrale and their kin of the pen, the crown

make a nomination. But there seems no available man except the author of "Laus Veneris." The situation has much in it that is unique. The suggestion is made that a middle course be adopted. There have been long vacancies in the laureateship before to-day. Why not wait for a really great poet to appear? That course, however, is very distasteful to the literary horde generally who resent the imputation that England to-day possesses no poet great enough to be laureate.

poets are so well known as to make further mention tedious. The only question now arising in the premises is: Will the office be abolished? The poets seem to dread this awful contingency. Lord Rosebery is known to have declared the office an anomaly in this democratic age. During his premiership, therefore, no laureate could be appointed. Lord Salisbury has different views, but it is said that he cannot be persuaded in Swinburne's favor. He does not admire the man. Poets generally plead for another point of view. They declare that it is as a poet Swinburne must be judged.

Swinburne himself seems to have no connection whatever with the movement looking to his election. He is, now that Browning is dead, revered as the living classic poet. His fame was never greater than it is now, and whenever he appears at a social function there is simply no end to the attention he attracts. He is said to be planning such a work as must leave all his previous performances utterly in the shade and prove the Athene, as it were, of the Acropolis of his fame. He has had the misfortune, however, to win the enmity of Queen Victoria, who looks with disfavor upon his poetical tendencies, and even went to the length on one well-known occasion of ordering the excision of a quotation from him in an address about to be made on a certain public festival. The Prince of Wales takes quite an opposite view. His admiration of Swinburne knows no bounds. Were Albert Edward King Swinburne would be laureate.

It is interesting to know that in his maturity Swinburne deems Catullus the greatest lyric poet ever known. He takes him as his model and has latterly written poems in Latin addressed to this "frater Catullus." Swinburne has, in fact, put forth the extravagant fancy that he is himself the dead brother whom Catullus mourned in his famous lament. He is the dead brother, that is to say, come to life again.

There is no denying that many ugly stories have been told about the private life of Swineburne—stories too ugly to be believed. Nordau deems Swinburne worthy of a place beside Oscar Wilde as a literary degenerative. From this view the literary men of England fiercely dissent. G. Bernard Shaw, socialist, playwright, critic, and all that, is Swinburne's leading champion, and is at the head of the movement to make his favorite the successor of Tennyson.

Of course, if it be really the intention of the British government, as it is rumored to be, to let the laureateship drop out of existence, neither the reincarnated brother of Catullus, nor any one else's brother, can hope to be honored. Already the mere possibility of such a thing has set literary England in a ferment. Two parties have arisen. One is led by the "fin de siecle" wing in literature, the decadents. The other has the healthy Philistines in it. They deem it "literary" to have a laureate and they mean to prevail upon Salisbury to

HABITUAL TIPPLERS.

In 1692 the following order was passed in Salem, Mass.: "Voted, That Nathaniel Ingersoll be allowed to sell beer and syder by the quart for the tyme, while the farmers are building their meeting-house on Lord's day afterward."

In 1770 the town of Alfred, Me., voted "To purchase one barrel of rum, one barrel of pork, four bushels of beans, ten gallons of molasses, ten pounds of coffee and twenty-eight pounds of sugar to raise the meeting-house."

In 1818 it is stated that fifty-two hogsheads of new rum were sold in the town of East Haddam, Conn., where now the amount of sales would not exceed one-tenth as much.

"In early times," says the historian of Wallingford, Conn., rum was largely consumed. A half-pint was given to every day laborer. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential part of hospitality or even good manners. Women took shenapps, which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that had been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind in the stomach. It is said that a minister talked to his people as follows: 'I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast. What I contend against is this dramming, dramming, dramming at all hours of the day.'"

The earliest modern temperance society was organized in 1789 by 200 farmers of Litchfield, Conn., who pledged themselves not to use any intoxicating drinks in their farm work during the ensuing year.

At the close of 1829 there were more than 1,000 temperance societies in Connecticut, with more than 100,000 members pledged to total abstinence; fifty distilleries had stopped, 400 merchants had abandoned the traffic in liquors, and 1,200 drunkards had been reformed. On the 1st of May, 1831, it appeared that more than 300,000 persons had signed the pledge, and not less than 50,000 were estimated to have been saved from a drunkard's grave.

The Great Smith Family.

Smith's former popularity is attested by Goldsmith, Arrowsmith, Billsmith, Spearsmith, Neesmith or Nailsmith, Bucksmith or Buckelsmith, Locksmith, and many other compounds.

THERE'S SCIENCE IN CRIME

The Bacilli of Deadly Diseases Used for Murder.

RECENT SUSPICIOUS CASES

Evidence That the Bacilli Are Sold to Would-Be Murderers.

Last December a man died in a city not far from New York under circumstances that make one wish that Conan Doyle had not killed Sherlock Holmes. He was a carpenter, laboring industriously to support a wife, when he was taken ill with what was soon seen to be some rather unusual form of septic poisoning. Growing rapidly worse, he died on the fifth day of his illness, and was shortly buried under a certificate of death by septicaemia. The day before he died, however, an eruption appeared on the side of the neck, a diffused red blush, such as might be produced by a smart blow with the open hand. The peculiar color and the general aspect of the case caused the doctor to examine the patient more carefully, and it was found that a like blush, but less deep in color, extended along the sides of the thighs.

Idealizing the possibilities, he removed a small portion of the blood and took

Disease for Sale.

it to a mycologist for examination, after about ten days the answer came that beyond all question the case was one of rouget, occurring in the human subject.

WHAT "LE ROUGET" IS.

Le Rouget, in English, "the red mullet," is a form of septic poisoning that is quite common among the pigpens in France, and is almost, or quite, unknown in this country outside of the laboratories, and all attempts to identify it with any of the local barn-yard plagues have been unsuccessful. This disease is a strictly contagious plague and there was no end of wonder among the few who understood the matter as to the way in which the man contracted the disease. Just while the interested ones were asking themselves a series of conundrums that they knew they could never guess they were informed that the dead man's life had been insured for the sum of $25,000, and that the beneficiary was the daughter of his wife, by a former husband, and that the daughter had married nearly three years before, that the policy was a wedding present, and that the husband of the daughter had paid all the premiums except the first. Here was the material for a first rate romance, if there had been any one to write it, and the suspicion of a tragedy which neither of the physicians found at all to his taste. Obviously the first thing to do was to verify the diagnosis, this was soon done, and the identity of the disease established beyond any question; the disease was fatal to rabbits and to mice and pigs, while guinea pigs resisted it completely.

The lawyers and detectives then took up the chase and found that three or four days before the man was taken ill the daughter of his wife had sent to him a salad of which he was very fond, a salad of boiled rabbit and cabbages. From somewhere they ascertained that the woman had made the salad from a rabbit that she purchased at the market, and, contrary to her usual custom, brought home, instead of causing the delivery; having made the salad, she stated she took the whole of it to her mother.

Here appeared the only hint of a clew; the rabbit that she purchased was certainly a "cotton-tail," while the servant asserted that the one that she cooked was a small gray "mule-ear." Naturally the detectives thought that this would lead to something, but whatever the future may have in store, it has led to nothing yet. Every method was used to find if any of the large laboratories had lost any material, but it was found impossible to find anything of the sort, or even one that at the time was studying this disease. To hunt the city for a man who was experimenting on the matter in question would be to hunt for a needle in a haymow; still, plants do not grow without seed, and, although the legal proof is not forthcoming, the moral demonstration is complete. From this stand the story reads as follows:

The Culture of Death.

Some kindred devil brought from Europe the culture of the dreaded plague, and killed for the woman the rabbit by the inoculation, then taught her how to make the rabbit's flesh appear as cooked meat, while in fact it was quite raw, and finally exchanged the rabbits with her in such a way that the only discrepant item was the servant's belief, and that was unsatisfactory as evidence.

As an instance of cold-blooded and successful crime, this stands unique, the Holmes-Mudgett murders are the work of a simple blunderer by comparison.

The next case of this sort to attract the attention of the interested was of "acute phlebitis." This disease is also one of the strictly contagious class, and no case has occurred in the civilized world in the last ten years that is not distinctly traceable to another of the same kind; consequently, when two cases occurred, one after the other, in the same city, three months apart, without any connection, so far as human skill could trace, with any other, either in the city where they happened, or in any other, there was plenty of cause for any inquiry that scientific curiosity should suggest.

This disease is produced by the growth in the body of a "micrococcus" (Eng. small round thing), whose relations, form, growth and habits are as well known as those of the potato, and there is as small probability of the coccus growing in any but its accustomed way, as there is that the said potato will suddenly take to growing as a tree. Under these circumstances there was only one course possible, to start a hunt for the source of the contagion and find out who had committed the crime of treating a case of this disease clandestinely, and had let it escape from his keeping, for this was the prima facie case. Of course, all such inquiries have to be made on the quiet, as there is no police regulation that makes the occurrence of a contagious disease without a proven pedigree, a crime, but no connection could be found. After much inquiry the attending physician said, "This case is either one of spontaneous generation, or of murder; it cannot be spontaneous generation; therefore, I think it is murder."

About ten days later it appeared that the man whose death had just been mentioned had been insured for the sum of $5,000. This is nothing remarkable in itself, but the policy was payable to the nephew of the dead man, and is out of all proportions to his earnings, and the deceased did not pay the premiums, while the beneficiary did. In one word, the man stood between another, and what was to that other a comfortable succession, and he was a bill of expense as long as he lived. Is it too much to suspect that a man who was willing to speculate on the death of another to begin with would cogg the dice to his advantage when he found himself able to do so without the least danger of detection?

The third case is just a repetition of the second, except that the death certificate reads "Pyemia." The meaning of the two things is the same. In this case the man who had an interest in the death was a Philadelphia sporting man, who, by the decease of the nearer heirs, was the residuary legatee of a man who had the use of an estate for life.

This case presented the same impossible questions for solution as the last. How it could happen that two such cases as these could occur in the space of three months without the least apparent connection with any other cases in a city where the records are made with any sort of care, it is hard to see, and when the two suspicious cases the only ones that happen in a whole year that cannot be accounted for it is worse than blindness to deny the inference that such cases need "looking after."

While no distinct charge has been made, there is no doubt in the minds of the few men who know all the circumstances, that some one in this city is prepared to sell, for his price, the means of death to any one to whom he thinks it safe to sell.

The idea might be advanced that the cost of the plant would make it difficult for any one who did not have a very large trade to afford to go into the business of making poisons of this class, but against this may be urged an equally obvious fact that the whole outfit of the manufacture would not cost $100, and that the cost of running the same is nil. A much more serious difficulty would be the getting possession of the first cultures, but this could be done in this city by entering any of the laboratories devoted to this class of work as a student and then starting the cultures in the tubes prepared for his own use by this devoted student of science.

THE SALE OF DISEASES.

The law of the case would require that the man selling to any one the cultures of disease germs should protect himself by providing a proper statement for his intending customer, and a lawyer has expressed an opinion that any one did his whole duty in the premises if he required his customer to sign a receipt, such, for instance, as the following:

"New York, July 31, '95.—Received of A. B. one test tube said to contain a culture of the bacillus of anthrax. The said purchased for purposes of scientific research. (Signed)." If this is the case and the man in question is a lawyer of fame in this city, there is less risk in selling a dozen of this class of poisons than in selling one dose of ludanum; in one word, it is free trade in murder. It would be simply impossible to reach the seller until the buyer is caught, and if the sale is made a crime, then the condition of the middle ages is reproduced exactly, and at that time the most severe punishments were unable to restrain the sale of poisons. So it will be now just as soon as the criminally inclined see how much easier it is to do murder according to the laws of scientific crime than against them. They will no longer have recourse to such vulgar poisons as the "rough on rats" and the like, but they will purchase any one of the seventeen invariably fatal diseases that they can produce if the human subject at will.

There are two ways in which this new form of crime can be met, at least there are two that are obvious. One is to register every culture oven owner in the city and then publish every one that is not so registered, if he is discovered, and make it a misdemeanor to have an oven that is not registered. Owing to the fact that Elmer & Amend, in New York city, sell much more than half of all the supplies in the United States, it would be easy to obtain the sales to private parties, if it were required by law. To stop the transfer of the cultures between those that are interested in such things, would not in any way aid, because the more men that are able to make the cultures, the more there will be on the lookout for this sort of crime.

The other, and the better way, is to treat every case that is proved to be one of the so-called "sporadic cases," of contagious disease as a murder and investigate it as such. The fact is well known that these cases can all be proved to be murders, or a result of the contempt of law.

THAT BALLOONATIC PROJECT.

Gen. Greely Explains the Unfeasibility of Arctic Gas-Bagging.

"I will take another trip North if the Government so wills," said Gen. Adolphus W. Greely, of arctic fame, a few days ago to a Times reporter.

"But," added he, "I think for such explorations younger men are the ones to be chosen, as the hardships of such a trip are so severe that a man of my age should not dare them. I have just returned from London, where I spoke against a proposition made by a distinguished gentleman and aeronaut, who suggested that the International Geographical Society defray expenses for a balloon voyage to the pole and volunteering his services. Seeing the impracticability of such a venture, I spoke against it, as did, of course, several other gentlemen, and the scheme fell through.

"I am an authority to say the idea of reaching the frigid pole by balloon would be a failure, as will be seen when I enumerate but a few of the natural obstacles which oppose such a risk.

"First is the carrying capacity of a balloon. It would require an immense bulk of gas to keep suspended the weight of a requisite amount of vital sustaining substance, such as food and other essentials. Also there is the impermeable quality of the substance forming the envelope of a balloon, which is generally of silk or gold beater's skin. In thirty days enough gas can escape from a balloon through the pores of the envelope to precipitate the suspended weight to earth. And every change in the atmosphere makes the balloon less imperdible.

"I might give a hundred reasons why a balloon voyage to the north pole is not feasible.

A Reminiscence of Chickamauga.

"Just here," said the veteran, "I came upon a most sorrowful experience. I was appointed to take charge of one of the burying parties, consisting of six men besides myself. We were hunting about among the heaps for the wounded—for we left the dead to the last—when it seemed to me that I heard a low moan. 'D'ye hear that, sergeant?' I said. 'Some chap groaning?' he asked. 'Just that,' said I. 'Hunt for him.' Dragging away the heaps of blue and gray we came upon a young fellow shot through the shoulder. 'Don't mind me,' says he. 'Take care of my brother.' We dug out a boy in gray with a bayonet wound in his internals. Hopeless case; no cure. Called myself a consarned fool for my pains, but sat down upon the dead horse and looked on while the blue brother, wounded in the shoulder, took the gray brother, wounded in the bowels, in his arms. I found them there in the morning in the same position, both cold and rigid, and I am not ashamed to say that I had to rub some wet out o' my eyes."—"The Chattanooga National Park and Cemetery" in Demorest's Monthly.